



Dear Life,



rant

👁 33 ✓ 2 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by basic2003name

Dear Life,

You suck. You have brought me into this cruel dark place in which you claim your plane of existence. Some call it Earth. To some, you are a blessing. To me, you're the worst thing that ever happened to me. Technically, that's an oxymoron, saying the worst thing happening in your existence is existence. But technicalities are your little "get out free" cards. Because of your technicalities, people die, people get hurt, and people are emotionally collapsing. Others take advantage of those, getting people to like them, getting out of bad places, getting free. You're fault.

But you help sometimes. Not always, but sometimes. You make me meet people. People I can call a "friend". People I can care for, or people that can care for me. Then, my existence is justified.

But then, in your cruel, unsettling ways, you rip us apart. So many I have lost, so many I will lose. You made me lose myself. You took apart from me the only thing worth living for. And you will throw more "friends" in my life, just to start the cycle again.

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Dear Life,

Screw you.

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This story is not to be one of spite, not one to gain pity or attention, but one to show and express what life has done to you. This is dedicated to the exactly 37 "friends" I have lost to the cycle, and to the many I will lose.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Dear Anonymous Author -

Stop blaming me for the happenings of random chance and try doing something about it. All I'm doing is keeping the flow going. Because hey, guess what? I'm not the one ripping you apart from your friends. We live in the age of Skype and the internet, fuckwit. How about, I don't know, trying to actually stay in contact with them? This isn't a story of spite? Fuck you. You have no idea what it's like to be me and have people screaming at you twenty four seven for shit you can't control. Again, I only keep things moving. It's up to you to alter what DIRECTION they move. So do us both a favor and stop fucking complaining.

Sincerely,

Life

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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